

THE
LEVY-HAUNTER,
A
SATIRE.

*Quis expedit Pfitacco, suum χαίρει.
Picaeque docuit Verba nostra conari?
Magister Artis, Ingenii Largitor,
Venter. Pers.*



L O N D O N,

Printed for J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane, and sold at the Booksellers
and Pamphlet Shops in London and Westminster, 1729. (Price 6 d.)

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May 18, 1911.

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TO THE

Noble and Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE:

First Lord of the *Treasury*; One of His Majesty's
Most Honourable *Privy Counsel*; and Knight of the
Most Noble Order of the Garter.

SIR,



*HO' Levy-Haunters may be Strangers to the
Greatest Part of Mankind, yet they are Daily
Objects, and Common Pests to Men in Power:
They are, at first, officious Friends; But by a
Natural and Consequential Disappointment in
their vain Expectations, they become the most
inveterate Enemies; And then to satisfy their Malice, they
wou'd Sacrifice their Country.*

*Thus the Man who has Abilities to be a PATRIOT, must
have Resolution to bear the Assaults of Envy and Detraction:
You, SIR, have sufficiently illustrated this Truth; You,
Who have Rais'd, and still Support your self by Loyalty
and*

and Worth, and wear no Honours, 'till You have first Deserv'd them.

But tho' Your known Humanity and Benevolence to the unprovided and unhappy Part of Mankind, exceeds Your vast Power of serving them, yet the Disappointed (however vain their Hopes) become Your worst Foes.

The Infamous Mr. D'anvers, the Ambitious Mr. P—, and the Occasional L-d B—, have, (with indifatigable Pains) distinguish'd themselves from the Multitude of Your Levy-Haunters: But their Inconsistencies, Falshoods, and other Impotent Endeavours, must be imputed to their Vanity and Disappointment; Such Mens Pride unqualifies them for Obedience to a Civil Government; For how can He submit himself to his Superiors, and pay an implicit Difference to the Ocult Reasons of State, who thinks himself wiser than a whole Senate?

But tho' Time has convinc'd them, that their Darts have no Points, nor their Tongues no Stings, yet still the base Spirit of Envy and Contention eats the Vitals of their Souls: -- Their Malice makes 'em forget, that if they cou'd shake the Tree, it woud but fasten it the more at Root.

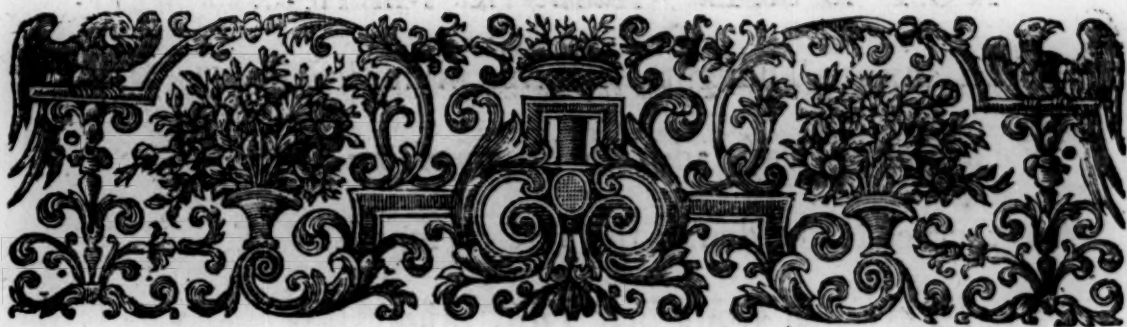
Thus SIR, may You continue to Flourish under the Protection of the best of Kings! a KING, who knows Your Worth by Experience, and Rewards it from Choice; Like a kind Brook running at the Foot of a Lofty Cedar; the gentle Stream replenishes the Tree, and the Grateful Tree rewards it with his Shaddow.

I am,

Sir,

Your Most Obedient,

Humble Servant.



T H E

Levy Hunter.



H E *Grey-Ey'd* Morn, now, Eastward breaks its
Way!

The *Dapple Dawn* proclaims approaching Day :

The welcome *Gleam* o'er Hills and Meadows strays,
And Woods and Groves, and pleasing Scenes displays:
All Nature now awak'd, new Charms the Sight,
And Smiles reviving, at returning Light !
The peaceful *Husband-men* their Arts employ ;
Now the *Youth* rises with a Bridegroom's Joy !
Children of Fortune, now refresh'd, improve
The Day with Pleasure, as the Night with Love.

B

NOT

NOT so the *Levy-Haunter* rears his Head,
 With anxious Thoughts he leaves his restless Bed ;
 Each closing Day, adds to his num'rous Woes,
 Yet cruel Night denies the Wretch repose :
 Fatal Reversion from that *First*, bright Day !
 O *then* ! How firm he trode the slippery Way !
 Chearful of Face, and Gay in Dress he shin'd,
 And on *Preferment* all his Thoughts confin'd :
 My LORD *had said* ! --- His Fortune *then* ! was made !
 On that blest Day his *Taylor* must be paid !
 On what Designs his fertile Fancy rov'd,
 What Greatness then, shou'd Grace the Fair he lov'd ?
 Ambition led ! and thus by common Rules,
 He Fondly went the Pilgrimage of Fools ;
 Like wanton Boys, whose Pastime is their Care,
 He follow'd after Bubbles blown in Air.

AMBITIOUS Men, tho' daring, slowly rise,
 They're always very Vain, and seldom Wise :

They

They surely thrive, and many Dangers shun,
Who weigh th' Event, before the Action's done:

WHEN *Places* fall, what *Sboals* come down the
Tide?

Statesmen, were G O D S! cou'd they for *All* provide!

Not *private Favour*, guides the *publick Voice*,

But unrewarded *Worth*, demands the *Choice*!

Hence *Knaves* and *Fools* their dire Offences take,

And then, their *boasted Loyalty* forsake;

Thus *D'anvers*, P---y, B---ke, unite;

In mostrous *Leagues* of *Amicable Spight*:

The Country's Good they cry, (*The Traitor's Screen*)

But Oh! their base Designs is clearly seen:

A *Publick Ruine* to their *Private Spleen*.

THE *Disappointed* thus, are all aggriev'd,

Because with *Complisance*, they were receiv'd:

Good Breeding is the least they can bestow,

To such *Addresses*, and a *Bow* so low:

Advantages from *That*, may, sure, be made,
 On *that Dependance* all his Hopes were laid;
 Day after Day successive, rould away,
 Yet still *to Morrow* was the Happy Day;
 Like hoping *Tantalus* the Wretch surviv'd,
 And by *Imagination* daily thriv'd.

WHAT various Passions in his Bosom rise ---
My Lord's a Fool! --- and now! *He's mighty wise!*
 Some accidental Smile, has blest the Day,
 And by that Sun-shine chas'd his Clouds away;
 Then Schemes on Schemes engendring, gayly run,
 Like Flies that quicken by the Summers Sun:
 One Day's Designs, will Blossom, Ripen, Fall!
 The first cold killing Frown destroys 'em all.

STILL flatt'ring Hope, his Wants, his Fears controuls;
Hope! thou Supporter of expecting Souls!
 New-fir'd by *Thee!* He now begins to dress,
 His Woes are vanish'd, and his Fears are less:

His

His well-worn *Wigg*, of Shape and Buckle, void,
 The last King's Reign, *successless*, quite destroy'd;
 His *only Shirt*, new wash'd the Night before:
 His *thread-bare Black*, which now! will *scowre* no more!
 These well-known *Marks* his glaring Wants confess,
 These are his wretched Ornaments of Drefs!
 Yet thus array'd, like Virtue in Disgrace,
 With dismal Garments, and a Rueful Face,
 He Gayly moves to Court, to seek a Place!

BEHOLD him there! what Shocks the Wretch re-
 ceives,

He shuns him careful, who his Wants believes:
 He takes his *Stand* perdue, his Lord to meet,
 His Posture fixes, and prepares his Feet;
 Watching of Eyes, he, diligently stands,
 With most *Important Business* on his Hands.

AND now, by Chance he's blest! by mere Surprise!
 —Lowly he bows — as if no more to rise —

All due *Obedience* in his Face is seen!

And all his *Disappointments* in his Mein!

A N D now! observe his Gains, his great Reward!

Perhaps, a Nod! from an insulting Lord;

His first Behaviour is reverted now,

He seems affronted at a *Begging Bow*:

He wears a Coldness in his Haughty Eyes,

And *former Favours* to the Wretch denies.

V A I N Hopes, like Glow-Worms, afar off shine bright,

But look'd on near, have neither Heat, nor Light;

While, in the Chase, our Faculties we tire,

We seem to sweat in Ice, and freeze in Fire:

But when *Experience* fatally reveals,

Those woeful Truths the Disappointed feels;

In cold Dispair, he sinks at Death's keen Dart,

And dies *forsaken*, with a *Broken-Heart*.

B E warn'd, ye Wretches! wed to endless Cares,

By *Hope* deluded to declining Years;

Who

Who in one *Suit*, your whole *Revenue* wear,
 " To haunt the Court, without a Prospect there :
 Who live on Dreams, by Promises are fed,
 Who bow at *Levys* for your *Daily-Bread* ;
 Whose false Ambition, can, for Smiles, repine,
 " (The thinnest Food on which a Wretch can Dine :)
 From hence be warn'd ! Repent not thus, *too late*,
 But from his *sad Example*, shun his *Fate*.

F I N I S.

